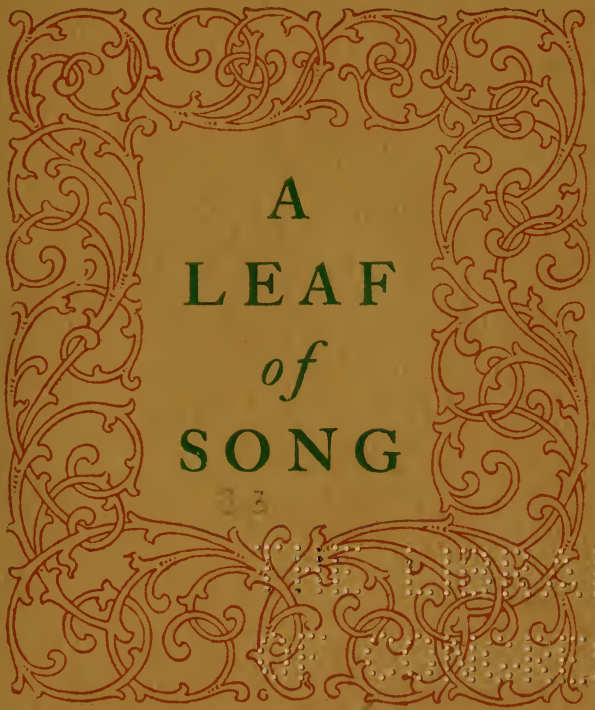
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A LEAF *of* SONG

ANDREW M. GEORGE

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HEAD WINDS.

It isn't the most pleasant thing,
To beat against a strong head wind;
But it's likely you won't find
A better thing to brace your mind.
Storms are good for trees and men—
Make them strike their hold again.
Stronger branches you will find
Where the mighty oaks are lined
On the storm-girt hills,
Where the hurricanes, that bind
Pale destruction on their brow,
Work their wills.

MACEO.

Cuba, mourn thy patriot dead,—
Mourn the heroic spirit fled,
Who grasped for thee the immortal prize
By his lonely sacrifice!

And thou art free—strong, knightly soul!
Chief of chieftains! lion-hearted!
Still thy soul leads on undaunted,
Leads upon the battle plain,
Charging through the iron rain:
Patriot, from that border-land
Lift thine eyes on Cuban strand—
Freedom rises disenthralled,
With thy fearless soul resolved!

Island fairest of the wave—
By the floods that round thee rave,
By thy watchful camp-fires' gleaming,
By thy sighing south winds' streaming,
Freedom pleads her sacred cause;
Stars caress thy circling seas;
Liberty fills every breeze!

DE WET BREAKING THE BRITISH CORDON.

AT SPRINGHAU NEK PASS.

Ride, freemen, ride,
Swinging down the grim veldt's side,
Whirling down the valley
Like the torrents tide!

Scorning fire of British guns,
Grandly free as circling suns;
Freedom's hopes with thee abide,
Freedom's armies with thee ride,—
Ride, freemen, ride!

Crashing through the iron seine,
Thundering upon the plain—
There the brave shall ride again!
If they follow let them trace
Valor's arms in valor's place:
Hearts are true where hearts are tried,—
Ride, freemen, ride!

IN THE WILDERNESS!

'Idees' are all jumbled
In my sory pate—
Are things "wisely ordered,"
Or is it only "fate?"
But, however storm clouds fly,
Wait till adverse winds go by;
To have patience is, I guess,
Good for this ole wilderness!

When the lonely heart tides slacken
In the grim despair,
Underneath the thorn and bracken
Are blossoms spreading fair;
Why not onward gladly press,
When kind tokens strive to bless?
Adverse winds will yet go by,
Rest in faith and patience—*try!*

When you meet the chilling press
Of cold grasping selfishness,
Then's the time to hold on fast
To the faith that good will last:
"Evil slays the vi'lent man;"
Do the honest best you can;
Patience is the thing, I guess,
Best for this ole wilderness!

PEACH BLOSSOMS.

What has kissed your cheeks so warm,
Swinging on the glowing morn,—
As the south wind tunes its lyre—
Gleaming with the southern fire?

The flowing winds thy charms caress
In airy gown of morning dress,
Caress thy flashing skirts aglow
With blushes of its flaming flow.

I could kiss you, fair coquette,
In the glad dawn, sweet brunette;
All my coldness you disarm
In the rich flush of your charm.

Swing low, fondly low,
As the southern breezes blow;
For your fragrant wooing spray
Steals my waiting heart away.

UNDER THE LILAC.

O the lilac blooms in May!
Then the sweetness steals away
From its blushing plume and branch,
Then the zephyrs lightly launch
Soft fragrance on the air.

This is fairest place to love—
With the lilac flush above
Sending down the branches lent
To the sweetness of content;
Lilac sprays are bending low
To the maiden's face aglow—
Softly crowding, tangled so,
But we find delicious room
Under the lilac bloom.

ON A MOONLIT NIGHT.

She steps in stately beauty,
The Empress of the night,
In stately presence stepping
Adown the lanes of light—
Tossing back glad tresses' flush
Behind her trailing flight
And pouring down delicious blush
Of cheeriest delight:
The fragrance of the flowers
Comes drifting o'er the dune;
Then love, from happy bowers,
Will strike the heart strings soon,
And all the soul bound forth in song—
And love would dream the whole night long!

THE BUTTERFLY.

Dream of sunshine on the wing,
Happy, lightsome, joyous thing!
All aflame in waving flight,
All a-tremble with delight;
Through the gleaming and the gloom
Stooping to the clover-bloom,
Lifting over daisies white,
Resting on the glad sunlight!

JUNE.

Pretty blooming maiden stepping down—
Brow of gleaming sunlight, flashing gown,—
Stepping where the roses lay
Their blushing cheeks across the way,
Where the glowing lilies plume
The marching melody of June;—
Straying where the daisies low
Spread their faces' streaming glow;—
Tripping to the wildwood song
While the stirring notes prolong,
And the breath of harvest morn
Wakes the ranks of flashing corn.

The light winds rustle through her skirts;
Ten thousand kisses press her glowing form.
I love thee, maiden, stepping on the greenwood sward,
Thy gleaming challenge on the glancing air,
Thy fair skirts flinging fragrance rare.
Lovers' hearts are wooing beneath the summer moon,
And Nature's cheeks are flushing against the skies of June.

HEARTS OF OAK!

Hearts of oak of greenwood tree,
Dancing on the breezes' glee,
Bathed in song-birds' melody;
Hearts of oak both leal and true
Are good enough for me and you.

Hearts of oak, the stanch and sound,
With its fiber firmly bound
By the tempest's hurling shock,
With vigor nourished from the rock;
Hearts of faithfulness, and bound
With steadfastness round and round.

Hearts of oak with leaves entwined
With sympathy of human kind,
Hearts of wholesomeness that tells
Where refreshing friendship dwells;
Hearts of oak of halest tree
Are good enough for you and me.

Hearts of oak both fair and good,
Best of all the leafy wood,
Listening to the droning bee,
Flushed with wine of summer lea,
Fragrant from the fresh-hewn tree—
Hearts of oak—true hearts of oak!

AUGUST.

Have you seen a woman fair—
Have you seen her anywhere?—
Standing with a red ripe lip,
Where the morning gleamings sip
The fragrance from the dew;
Tripping by the water side,
Laughing to its laughing tide;
Bounding where the wavelets strip
Their robes all flashing new
As the swinging breezes whip
The silver from the blue;
Loitering by shady nook,
By the flash of mountain brook,
Her soft skirts entrancing fair—
Have you seen her anywhere?

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BEYOND.

Fairer skies are gladly bending
To the whelming Sun,
When the life has passed its portals
And its race is run;
Nobler deeds may call to action—
Sweeter songs are sung,
Fresher breezes fill the harbor
When the day is done.

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